



SYNOPSIS.

Tommy North, returning to his room in Mrs. Moore's boarding house at 239 a. m., discovers the body of Captain Hanska, another soldier, with a bullet wound in his breast. Hanska rests upon a man giving the name of Lawrence Wade, who had called on Hanska in the evening and had been noted quarreling with Hanska during the afternoon. Strange woman who gives her name as Rosalie LeGrange, appears and takes into her own home the body of the slain soldier. Mrs. Moore's boarders, including Miss Petrillo, an Italian, who was confined to the room she occupied and whose brother was a favorite of the slain soldier, are about to leave the country. Mrs. LeGrange, who while being the friend of a French medium, had called upon Wade in his office to tell what she knew of the crime. While she is there, she notices Hanska's widow of the murder and death, whose existence had been previously unknown. Mrs. Hanska, who had left her husband and child, the first of the war, in the hands of the police in an effort to settle their affairs, the widow Wade was in fact left her. Wade is told by the coroner's jury for the death of Hanska. Tommy North, who had been told by the police to release and return to Mrs. LeGrange's house. He becomes acquainted at once with Betsy-Barbara. Driven by the belief that Betsy-Barbara knows something of the murder, he is discovered by Ross Han-

CHAPTER VII.

Facing the Music.

Tommy woke next morning to the appropriate mental and physical tortures. When memory had finished with her rack, the future applied thumb-screws. If he went down to breakfast, he must meet—her. Romance and jealousy struggled in him with a perverse pride. At any rate, he would not run away. No, he would face her. He would look into her eyes, which would be shocked and hurt. The vast embers of a ruined existence would shine through his own. Then, after she had seen and realized, he would go away forever and send her just one letter—no, just one flower with his card—to let her know what he had felt and what he had cast aside.

Then—since the human spirit is never static—having touched the lowest depths, his thoughts began to rise toward hope. Just how had he behaved last night? What had she seen him do? From the haze of confused memories, a clear fact appeared in this place and that. He had been aware of her standing at the landing. How had she looked? Somehow, he could not remember her face. Why? Because he had been looking at her shoe buckles—at something which glittered—why—

The tragic night of the Hanska murder flashed in upon him, and with it a fact which he had told neither the police in the third degree process nor yet the coroner at the inquest, for the simple reason that he had forgotten it. Now, he remembered it clearly, perfectly. A freak of drunken consciousness had brought back something which he might never have remembered again.

"Gee whiz!" he cried, leaping out of bed, headache and all. "She's looking for evidence—this will fix her!" A cold dip and a dash of bromide restored him wonderfully, for the first



"It Was a Cluster of Diamonds."

times of Tommy North were resilient and young. As he entered the dining room for breakfast, only a slight pallor and a little languor indicated the crisis of the night before.

Betsy-Barbara and Constance were already seated. Betsy-Barbara looked him full in the eye.

"Good morning, Mr. North," she said evenly.

"Good morning," replied Tommy North, and he slid into his chair and attacked his grapefruit.

The breakfast went on. Betsy-Barbara talked freely; she appeared animated even. She included Mr. North in the conversation, throwing him a question now and then. He noticed, however, that these questions came only at regular intervals, as though she were remembering to be very careful. That might be a good sign or it might be a bad one, he could not decide which.

Betsy-Barbara and Constance had arisen now. Tommy North, with an effort of the will, rose and followed.

"Miss Lane," he said in the hall; and then, since she did not seem to

The Red Button

BY Will Irwin

AUTHOR OF THE CITY THAT WAS, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY Harry R. Grissinger

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hear him, he spoke louder, "Miss Lane."

Betsy-Barbara turned. Alone with him now—since Constance had gone on—her eyes showed the emotions which she had suppressed in public.

"What is it?" she said idly.

"I wanted," said Tommy—"I wanted to tell you something."

"I think," responded Betsy-Barbara, "that you needn't make any more explanations—thank you!"

She was turning away when Tommy recovered himself.

"Oh, it isn't that," he said. "I can't explain that, of course. I'm not trying to explain that, Miss Lane. It's just something—something new in the line of evidence—about the Hanska case—I think it may help."

Betsy-Barbara turned again—and this time quickly. Her look was startled—but heaven be praised—friendly.

"Something new?" she said, breathlessly. "Oh, you angel fresh from heaven! Shall I send for Constance?"

This was the point where Tommy North became a strategist.

"It has to do," he said humbly, "with the way I was last night. You saw me—I shouldn't like to tell her."

"Let's take a walk," proposed Betsy-Barbara, with her wonderful practicality.

"If you wish," said Tommy North humbly, and yet thrilled with a sense of renewed companionship. Indeed, by the time they reached the street, he had recovered his spirits so much as to propose, because the street was so noisy, that they take a cross-town car and walk up Fifth avenue. The car was crowded; they must stand; so they did not approach the subject of the moment until they were treading the street of the spenders.

"Well, what is it? I'm dying to know!" said Betsy-Barbara, the instant they reached the avenue.

"Did I do anything strange?" inquired Tommy, "when I first saw you last night?"

"You nearly tumbled at my feet, for one thing," replied Betsy-Barbara.

"What—what were you wearing on your feet?"

Betsy-Barbara thought a second on this peculiar question.

"My velvet slippers with the rhinestone buckles," she said.

Tommy nodded solemnly.

"That was it—I was reaching for them last night—just as I was reaching for something the night I fell at Captain Hanska's door. And it brought everything back."

"Oh, what do you mean?" begged Betsy-Barbara. "Go on! Please go on."

"I had got to the head of the stairs on the night of the murder," said Tommy. "The gas was lighted in the hall. I was picked. You know how your mind gets on a little thing when you're picked—"

"I don't," put in Betsy-Barbara, in spite of her interest in the story—"but please go on."

"And I saw something bright in the hallway, close to Captain Hanska's door. I braced against a post and looked at it. It was a cluster of diamonds—the more I think of it, the more it seems like that shoe buckle of yours. I reached out to get it. Then I tumbled and hit—the stuff. The tumble and the sticky feeling put diamonds out of my mind. But I'm sure, just the same, that I saw a bunch of diamonds or something beside that door. You've asked me to tell you anything I might find about the Hanska case. And I'm telling that's all."

Betsy-Barbara considered.

"It may not mean anything," she said, "and it may mean a good deal." She considered again. "Even if the diamonds were there, maybe it had nothing to do with our case. If anybody had been robbed that night, if there had been any signs of a burglar, this evidence would be very important. But the police say that the house wasn't entered. Then again, what became of the diamonds? It seems no one else noticed them."

"Well," remarked Tommy North cynically, "there were a great many policemen in the house."

Betsy-Barbara walked on, still thinking. "Maybe, I'm afraid, though, that it might be only an aberration," she said finally.

"Perhaps," echoed Tommy North. And now, having finished his introduction, he approached the subject nearest his heart.

"Of course, that's all," he said, "except that I owe you an apology for—my condition last night."

"It is to yourself," said Betsy-Barbara, "that you owe the apology. Mr. North, why did you do it—again?"

Now it was in Tommy North's impulses to tell exactly why he did it—to come out with the truth, accompanied by his opinion of philandering Spaniards. But that would have amounted to a declaration; and to declare his feelings for Betsy-Barbara was leagues beyond his present courage.

"Oh," he said, carelessly, desperately, "I got a jolt. That's all. And I took it out in booze."

"You told me the other night it was because you hadn't anything better to do. Mr. North," she added, suddenly

lifting her blue eyes to his, "I'm going to ask a very personal question. I'm not asking it for curiosity. I've a reason, which I'll state later—have you saved any money?"

"Trace yourself for the shock," replied Tommy, "but I really have. I inherited three hundred dollars a while ago. And my mother made me promise one thing—that I'd save a little every week. I have five hundred dollars in the bank."

Betsy-Barbara nodded her wise and golden head.

"That will do beautifully for a start," she said.

"A start at what?" inquired Tommy.

"At the Thomas W. North Advertising agency."

"At—"

"The Thomas W. North Advertising agency. It founded now, 10-15 a. m. October sixteenth, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-sixth street, New York!"

"This is so sudden!" exclaimed Tommy. But his heart leaped and danced.

"Now, see, Mr. North," resumed Betsy-Barbara. "I've diagnosed your case."

"I don't want to go to New York," said Tommy.

"Can't see where it's the least bit of use, an' I wouldn't do Mr. North harm," replied Rosalie.

"I guess it looks more tasty that way," Rosalie turned the conversation to a discussion of autumn fashions. She sewed and chatted for ten minutes. Then she looked ostentatiously at the clock.

"Gracious! A quarter to four an' I must be down-town quarrelin' with that laundry at a quarter past!"

She rose, gathered coat, hat and gloves, and hurried to the corner drug store, from which she made by telephone an immediate appointment with Inspector McGee. They met in Abingdon square, a rendezvous half-way between her house and headquarters. She proceeded to business at once.

"I've been just settin' on this Hanska case, inspector," she said. "Knew if I waited long enough, somethin' would hatch. It has, but I can't say yet whether it's a rooster or a duck."

In the first place, when's the grand jury goin' to get to the Wade indictment?"

"Pretty soon, I guess. I've been holding them off until I get more evidence."

"Well, keep holdin' 'em off."

"Honest, what have you got?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Here Rosalie broke out all her dimples, so that Inspector McGee smiled on her.

"Call it a hunch from the spirits."

"You can't come that on me," said the inspector, half playfully. "I know your kind of spirits."

"Well, call it a woman's notion then. If you like that any better. The grand jury's the first thing. Next, that old house of Mrs. Moore's is still vacant, isn't it? I want to go through it with you from top to bottom—an' I've got to do it so I won't be seen."

"That's easy. We can enter the block from the other side and go in by the back door."

"All right. How's two o'clock tomorrow?"

"Fine."

"Now I'd better run along. I don't want to take any chances of being seen with you."

"Honest, what have you found?"

"Honest, I don't know myself!" said Rosalie LeGrange, dimpling over her shoulder as she walked away. McGee stood following her with his eyes.

CHAPTER VIII.

Coquettish McGee.

The Moore boarding house, scene of the Hanska murder, remained closed.

BUST IS THAT OF AMERICAN

Identity of Model, Long a Puzzle to Parisians, Has at Last Been Cleared Up.

The mysterious bust discovered in the Boulevard de la Chapelle, Paris, has at last been identified. Perched on top of a one-story shop like a sentinel on a chimney, it attracted only a momentary glance from the hurried passerby and was then forgotten.

Lincoln Ward, an American tourist, recognized his countryman and is able to give the details which follow. This bust is of the late William Smith Garner, one-time member of the board of trade of Jacksonville, Fla., who dedicated his fortune and his life to the defense of the oppressed. After his death a committee was formed to erect a monument to him, and M. Dreyfus, the president, engaged a young American sculptor by the name of Furgott, who was then living in Paris, to make the bust.

When the Civil war broke out, Fur-

a plain-clothes man from the precinct detective force keeping it under watch and ward.

To this house came Captain McGee and Rosalie LeGrange. They approached with all the caution of forethought, entering the block through an office building on the next street, opening the area door with a pass-key, going into the house by the basement door at the rear.

"Ugh! I hate to touch it," said Rosalie, drawing her skirts away from the wreckage of the cellar. "I'm glad I wore my old clothes. Guess Mrs. Moore never kept this place any too well—an' with this dust an' your untidy cove, Martin McGee, it's just scandalous now. Well, come on!" And so she dragged her police escort through floor after floor, room after room—at first a superficial survey and then a minute search.

As they came to Captain Hanska's room, Inspector McGee stopped and made oration.

"You can see," he said, "that it was an inside job. Beginning on the roof, there's no way to enter except by the hatch which goes down into the lumber room. On account of the fire regulations, the hatch couldn't be locked, but it was closed inside by a bolt that hadn't been monkeyed with. In fact, the dirt around the edges showed that the hatch hadn't been opened for a long time."

"And the fire escape?" asked Rosalie, pursing her brows with concentration.

"Runs from the lumber room straight down. Passes at the third floor the windows of Captain Hanska's room. The corresponding room on the second floor is vacant. No one entered by the basement, either. Windows and doors all bolted inside and showed no signs of being tampered with. You see, it was this Wade fellow, or an inside job. And while we're talking about locks—here Martin McGee opened Captain Hanska's door and stood with a foot on either side of the threshold—"

"This is a little piece of evidence I've figured out myself. Notice, he had a spring lock. Mrs. Moore says he put it on himself. That indicates he was afraid of somebody—Wade, probably. Him being so particular on that point, it was only natural he should keep it locked when he was asleep. Now, look here."

This was an "inside" spring lock of the ordinary pattern. It could be controlled from without only by the key. Within, however, was a knob and a button by which one could turn back the catch and render it temporarily useless as a lock. "Well, now," said McGee, "the catch was back when they found the body, and the door wasn't locked at all. If he'd been alive after Wade left him, he wouldn't have gone to sleep without seeing that his door was locked. My idea is, he turned the knob and shut the catch back when he let Wade in—the way a person does with a spring lock. Anyhow," concluded McGee, "it's a suspicious fact."

"Very," said Rosalie; and McGee did not catch the fatness in her tone. "But anyone who got on to that fire escape, one way or another, could have entered Hanska's room by the window, couldn't he?"

"Yes," said Inspector McGee. "If Hanska's window was open. But the windows were closed when they found the body. Most of the witnesses say that. They remember because when this Mrs. Moore fainted those girls opened both windows to give her air. They say they had to open the catches to get the sashes up."

"Stuffy muggy night, an' both windows closed—an' him an' American!"

"Well, there's nothing particularly strange about that, is there?" said Inspector McGee.

"Not to you!" replied Rosalie LeGrange, dimpling on him. "I guess—well, I guess before we do anything else we'll go over everything in that room."

They entered. The bed was as Rosalie had seen it on the night of the tragedy—the sheets and quilts turned back as though one had risen quietly and naturally. It was to the bed that Rosalie turned her first attention. At the foot of the white counterpane, her eyes stopped—stopped and rested.

"It's spotted," she said almost under her breath.

Inspector McGee looked also.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOMAN REFUSES OPERATION

Tells How She Was Saved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Logansport, Ind.—"My baby was over a year old and I bloated till I was a burden to myself."

I suffered from female trouble so I could not stand on my feet and I felt like millions of needles were pricking me all over. At last my doctor told me that all that would save me was an operation, but this I refused.

I told my husband to get me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I would try it before I would submit to any operation. He did so and I improved right along. I am now doing all my work and feeling fine.

"I hope other suffering women will try your Compound. I will recommend it to all I know."—Mrs. DANIEL D. B. DAVIS, 110 Franklin St., Logansport, Ind.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

If a man and his wife are one, how many was Solomon and his outfit?

Many Children are Sickly. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels, and Destroy Worms. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 24 years. At all druggists. E. C. Sample mailed FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Peddlers Not Allowed. Maid—There's a man called with a bill, ma'am.

Mistress—Tell him we have some already.

Things Have Improved. A well known politician, at a dinner in Washington, said of commercial honesty:

"Commercial honesty is improving. When a man lies to you and cheats you, it no longer excuses him to say, 'Caveat emptor'—it's business—and shrug and smile."

"In fact," he ended, "things have now so much improved that if some multi-millionaires were to lose their fortunes the same way they gained them, they'd insist on somebody going to jail."

Exacted a Promise. Mrs. Henry Preston White was leaving her home for town the other afternoon, and as she started down the walk a pitiful wail reached her ears. Turning, she perceived her little five-year-old son leaning far out of the second-story window.

"Mother! mother!" he cried. "Please promise me, won't you, mother? Promise me!"

Mrs. White ran back in much alarm into the house and up the stairs.

"Darling, tell mother what is the matter," she pleaded.

"Oh, mother, promise me," he sobbed.

"Anything, darling, anything."

"Promise me that you'll be good, mother, while you're in town," he said, and began to dry his tears.

WONDERED WHY. Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak."

"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life."

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it."

"After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. When it was made right—dark and rich—I soon became very fond of it."

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone."

"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 148 lbs. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.